

Student Review

BYU's weekly campus magazine

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Provo, Utah

February 11, 1987

The Realities of Marriage

by Cecilia K. Farr

Some things are better if you go into them cold, without expectations. Like your first date: it's bound to be a disappointment, because it can never live up to what your imagination created. Or Paris. You never hear about crowded tenement houses of sidewalks that double as public restrooms in the Paris famed in song and story. It's the City of Romance, of gardens and tree-lined riverbanks and avenues lined with cafes and artists at work. Sure most people still think it's wonderful. I mean, a man actually drank champagne out of my friend's high-heeled pump in a club there. Where else but Paris? But still, you can't help but be disappointed when your imagination overdoes it and reality thumps you between the eyes. Marriage is like that.

Remember Laurel class? Every week the lesson covered temple marriage from a different angle. And every self-respecting Laurel had hers all planned, from the gown dripping with seed pearls and lace to the color of the mints on the dessert table. It was something to think about when your missionary's weekly letter was three weeks late, or when your date to the stake dance was about as stimulating a conversation-alist as your favorite houseplant. Marriage would be so much better. Marriage would be wonderful. Marriage. . .

And then it happens. Marriage. Bad news: even before it starts, the honeymoon is over. I've yet to meet a couple who didn't have a disastrous honeymoon. The car breaks down, or hotel reservations fall through, or one of you comes

down with the flu, or you have only two days to get from Pittsburgh to San Francisco by car, or--in my case--your husband breaks his hip in a car crash one week before the wedding. Cancel Paris and dancing and nightlife. We honeymooned on a quiet beach in South Carolina. I carried all the suitcases and wrestled him and the wheelchair through three-inch-deep sand. Honeymoons are a disappointment.

So much for Myth #1. The wedding itself, by the way, is probably the least disappointing aspect of the whole marriage experience--mostly because you remember so little of it. It slips by more quickly than you ever expected as you rush from the dressing room to the sealing room to the luncheon to the reception hall. Ask your spouses right now if they remember anything that the nice man in the temple told them. Remember? It's the stuff that began with, "And here's a bit of advice I don't want you to ever forget. . ."

But wait, this is only the beginning. Whenever you dreamed of marriage, did you ever dream beyond the first week? Did your Laurel teacher ever tell you who would take out the trash or do the dishes? Did she ever tell you that, despite universal newlywed belief, the first fight does not end in divorce? Did anyone ever tell you that you wouldn't always like your mate? That, in fact, sometimes you need to get away from each other or you go crazy?

Well, "here's some advice I don't want you to ever forget" from a former idealistic Laurel who has been (for the most part) happily married for almost three years.

***Identity Crisis:** If you ask me, the real test of a marriage comes the first time you have to tell someone your name. "I'm Cecilia Konch--ah, er--Farr." That's when the identity crisis sets in. "Who AM I, anyway?" It's amazing how attached you get to a name after using it for 20 or 25 years. Don't panic. Usually by the time you finish writing thank-you notes, you've gotten used to seeing your new name and this fear disappears.

***Sex Roles:** If you're like most young couples today, the identity crisis continues in a different form--

see Marriage on page 2

Opinion

Where Does This Pathway Lead?

by William James Kelly



THE STORMTROOPER R.A.

"SUSPICION BREEDS CONFIDENCE"

Nearly two years ago I visited a girl at Ricks College. We were enjoying a movie on television one Thursday night, when promptly at 10:30 there was a knock at the door and the R.A. insisted that I leave. This was at Pine View apartments, not the dorms. My initial reaction was alarm; I was going to miss the last hour of the movie. My friend said "That's the way it is here." Later my outrage turned to disgust as I remembered that despite this hardline stance on enforcing the letter of the Standards law, many of my friends who had attended Ricks had a lot of personal problems while they were there.

It seems that BYU is headed down the same path. I think I see what the administration is trying to do. There probably are some very serious problems with violations of the Honor Code; I am all for helping and encouraging the students to live by it. However, I am very opposed to the administration's new policy of continuing ecclesiastical endorsement, and most recently their requirement of R.A.'s in off campus housing units.

I have no fear of passing the bishop's interview, and I'll be married by next fall (although it wouldn't surprise me if some sort of enforcement were instituted for marrieds as well). I simply wonder if the administration can clearly see the far-reaching effects of these policies.

I don't feel sorry for the bishops who have to see everybody in the wards. They ought to anyway. The problem with the bishop's interview is the same as temple interviews with engaged couples. Among a minority, there seems to be the attitude that "we can get away with a lot and still make it."

The most likely results of the new policy will be either the interviews will be turned into farces with word spreading fast about how much you can tell and still "pass," or people who really do need help will be slapped in the face and sent home to face the wrath or disappointment of parents and the sideways glances of home ward members.

see Pathway on back page

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Perspectives: Birth Control

by Angie Smith

Birth control. These two words are enough to cause many LDS people to shudder. What if we called it "family planning", "conception control", or even "child spacing mechanisms"? Whatever we choose to call it the issue is still present. Do we believe in it or not?

Because the Church has made no official stand, the responsibility is ours to form our own opinion and practice. Concerning the dual purpose of sex, President Kimball has stated "His [the Lord's] command to be 'one flesh' is as important as His command 'be fruitful and multiply.'"

In following both of these directives for the use of sex it is possible for some LDS couples to have a child every nine to ten months. Is it our responsibility to have children as long as and as frequently as the human body will permit? Or, is it possible to live in harmony with the church teachings and practice some form of family planning?

I submit that it is possible and necessary. First of all, the physical and mental health of both parents

must be considered. Dr. Brent Barlow of the BYU Family Living Center makes the point that the mother's "physical and emotional health, goals and aspirations should be of major consideration."

The wise LDS couple should consider all the aspects of child bearing. Parents are responsible for the physical, emotional, and social well-being of their children [1 Tim. 5:8]. Parents are also responsible for teaching their children the gospel [D&C 68:25-28]. Having numerous children in quick succession and failing to provide these needs could bring condemnation to the parents.

Dr. Homer Ellsworth, a well known Salt Lake gynecologist, was asked by President Kimball to write an article regarding birth control. It was approved by the First Presidency before being published in August 1979. In it Dr. Ellsworth stresses the use of free agency in family planning. He states, "Many of the decisions we make involve application of principles where precise yes/no answers are just not available." Concerning specific methods of birth control he says that

"if a couple decides that having another child immediately is unwise, the method of spacing children... makes little difference."

Couples who feel that abstinence is the most righteous solution need to realize that it is also a form of birth control. It has side effects that could prove devastating to the marriage [1 Corinthians 7: 4-5].

In using our free agency we need to carefully consider our motives. Are we foregoing having children to become better established financially? Are we having children only because of social pressure or guilt? Couples with the attitude of "we'll have as many as the Lord will send us" need to prepare to willingly accept all the consequences. Those who refuse to confront the issue may find their decisions being made by nature.

Angie is getting married in April. Her father is the Ottawa Stake President.

This article presents one side of a complex issue. *Student Review* welcomes contrasting points of view from responsible individuals.

Marriage from front page

sex roles. They're not so easily defined as back when men were men and women were slaves. Sure it's still, "I'm the wife and you're the husband" just like when we used to play house, but when both spouses work or both are in school, how do you decide who does what around the house? Most of us can't turn to Mom and Dad for patterns to follow, because Mom and Dad didn't do it quite right. At least not right for us. Mom had more time at home than most of us do just after we're married.

So you begin what former Humanities Dean Richard Cracroft once called "holy deadlock." Even the most open-minded of husbands has trouble understanding that you mean it when you say, "I'm not cooking tonight; it's your turn." It will be tough because when the house is a mess or the grocery shopping isn't done, he won't feel guilty. He hasn't been trained to feel guilty. You have. But, be strong. I suspect he really knows how to iron his own shirts, cook his own meals, do laundry, make the bed, even run a vacuum cleaner. Try him. If he doesn't know, teach him. And, in all fairness, take your turn checking the oil on the car or taking out the garbage.

At first it's difficult deciding who does what and when. But after a while you develop a respect for each other's skills and talents, and you take advantage of them. Being the oldest daughter in a family of 10, I can make a messy living room look presentable in five minutes flat. My husband is better at the slow stuff--cleaning the basement or making a gourmet dinner for eight, dessert included. There are certainly more flexible roles for us to fit in than

the old you-take-care-of-the-house-I'll-take-care-of-the-yard deal--shared roles that build deeper appreciation for one another.

*Fights: Don't expect to be constantly enraptured by your mate. We're all human, so we all have trouble getting along. I'll never forget our first few months of marriage when I thought every fight meant that we made the wrong choice and that we'd never make it together. I knew I was going to end up another divorce statistic. I wasted a lot of time that we could have used to work problems out, because I was just too hysterical to discuss our differences. I thought we were supposed to get along all the time. Perfect couples, after all, don't have differences. Do you realize how silly this sounds?

*Disillusionment: Don't think you're the only one who has ever

hated being married. Sometime during the first six months we all hate it. It's different from being single, so of course it's tough getting used to. But just because Paris isn't the city we saw in the Gene Kelly movie doesn't mean it's not worth visiting.

You'll probably find that marriage turns out much better than you imagined, even if it's not constant romance and getting lost in each other's eyes. A good Scrabble game, an afternoon of vegging out in front of the movie channel or a shared shopping binge have a romance all their own--a romance I've found much more appealing than the starry-eyed visions of my Laurel days.

This is Cecilia's second contribution to the *Review*. She's a former single person.

Gary L. Browning

Professor of Russian

The Nuclear Arms Race: Evil Fruit of a Corrupt Tree

Thursday, February 19th 4:00 pm
Kennedy Center Conference Room

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Seeing Clearly from the Start

I am a 22 year old returned missionary. Several months ago I filed for divorce. The whole episode has been sad, unsettling, and emotionally draining for all involved. Having reflected upon the problems that culminated in the failure of my marriage, I want to make some suggestions aimed at anyone who would like to avoid a similar path. Nothing here is new, though it is worth thinking about.

First, don't rush into marriage. I, like many who have gone before, returned from my mission overly eager to take the next step in the Plan of Salvation. I had taught it for a couple of years; now I would try it out. It is a bad mistake to get married just because you want to be married. Looking back, I realize that I was more in love with the notion of being married than with the person I would marry.

I married Julie (the name has been changed) after dating her for only two and a half months. I had known her for five and a half months. This may be long enough for some people, but it was not for us. There is no magic amount of time a couple should date before marriage, but time is usually an ally of the wise.

Date long enough to see each other in a variety of situations. Notice how your potential spouse deals with problems and reacts in various circumstances. Of course,

every date should not be an occasion to methodically scrutinize each other, and the relationship should be given time to develop freely.

I was more in love with the notion of being married than with the person I would marry.

During our short courtship, Julie and I discussed plans and responsibilities. It all sounded great. We would both work part-time. I would attend school full-time, and she would take a few classes as soon as she could have her transcripts sent. We would wait two years before considering children.

Imagine my frustration when, after five months of marriage, I worked full-time and went to school full-time while she showed no interest in either helping out financially or enriching herself with education. She began asking when we would have our first child. I'm convinced that had I dated her longer, I would have seen the inconsistency between what Julie said and what she did.

While dating Julie, I would frequently note a lack of energy and commitment in her behavior. Instead of worrying about these traits, I brushed aside my concerns thinking, "It will work out later. Besides, I love her." A few months after the wedding when Julie did not have a job, left grocery and other shopping to me, and didn't even bother to clean the apartment she hid herself in, my "little" concerns turned into genuine panic. My panic reached its zenith when she decided to stop attending church, something I never expected.

Don't ignore alarming habits and characteristics you see in your dating. Assume that for a time, differences perceived during courtship will be exaggerated rather than diminished in wedlock. Ask yourself, "Can I live with these things?" Do not think that marriage will resolve differences. Work things out before marriage or don't get married.

Also, know each other's families before marrying. This can help you better know and understand your spouse and his or her ideas, background, strengths and weaknesses. Also, you can avoid conflicts and interference from in-laws by knowing them well.

In-law problems caused a lot of tension in my marriage. Members of Julie's family relied on me to solve their dilemmas and she encouraged them. Going to school, working

three or four nights a week, and trying to save my own marriage was enough work without having to play long-distance psychiatrist and attorney for Julie's family. When my sister-in-law moved into our small apartment to "see Utah," concentrating on our marital problems was impossible.

Most people vastly underestimate the importance of common interests and similar backgrounds. For example, two people from Montana would probably have to make less cultural adjustments than a boy from Montana and a girl from New York City. I'm not saying that two people in love should let different backgrounds or cultures be an immovable barrier to marriage. They should, however, understand potential problems and rationally discuss ways to avoid them.

The common ground which fosters love and stabilizes a marriage was virtually absent in mine. Of particular difficulty was the difference in our ideas of the roles husband and wife play in a successful marriage. Julie was accustomed to the people and ways of the area where she was raised. She felt that I should work and study, and that she should enjoy the comfort of the house. I was used to the customs of my home town and thought otherwise.

Don't overestimate your ability to change an adult. Julie was 22

see Anonymous on page 15



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The Lovers' Guide to Floral Messages

by K. Voss

We were in a strenuous planning session for this issue of the paper, and people were throwing out suggestions in a creative flurry when suddenly it occurred to me that there was something colossal that everyone was forgetting. "Excuse me," I forwarded, barely able to contain myself, "this would be the *Valentine's* issue that we're talking about!" I was pretty much pleased with myself for being the first to remember the occasion, and was also convinced that everyone would consequently bestow upon me impressive verbal laurels.

The men of the *Student Review* paused from spitting and lifting heavy objects long enough to throw me incredulous looks. It was then that the griping and carping started about how sappy and archaic it all was and how it destined people to misery etc., etc., ad nauseum.

I was a little disgruntled--this is the one time of the year that it is acceptable to effervesce with romance, which I always find to be exhilarating. This is the only time when, providing that you like the person, you can give them things and then hide in a clandestine place and watch them find it and then jump out thus revealing that it was you who did it and look into their eyes when a mutual beam of adoration will travel back and forth between you paralyzing you both with happiness and then you'll talk about how you've both been secretly in love for a long time but have just been too bashful to approach it. This is that time. This is when life can be like books and movies.

The men of *Student Review*, however, remained aloof and skeptical. They started talking about love blunders and how the whole institution of Valentine's Day was yet



another opportunity for them to be misinterpreted.

Still I persisted. "Wait, you mean you've never done something like sending a girl flowers?"

Oppressive ridicule ensued.

I guess it was the flower idea that really got them. Giving flowers seemed to them utterly frivolous. It was money spent on something that didn't have a purpose other than to be beautiful and to express sentiment.

But because I have become very cunning from working on a subversive newspaper, I began to suspect that there was perhaps another factor involved. Then it came to me: You

can't mask giving flowers as something casual--it says *Something*. It communicates ardor with mercurial effect.

And because I am also sensitive and caring I tentatively asked, "Is it perhaps that you aren't familiar with the language of flowers, that you're not sure how it would go over, what you would be communicating, and you don't know who to go to for advice?"

They didn't have to say a word. I could see it in their eyes. This is what their secret fears were. And this is why they did not regularly send flowers.



Well, enough of that.

A guide to flowers has been prepared.

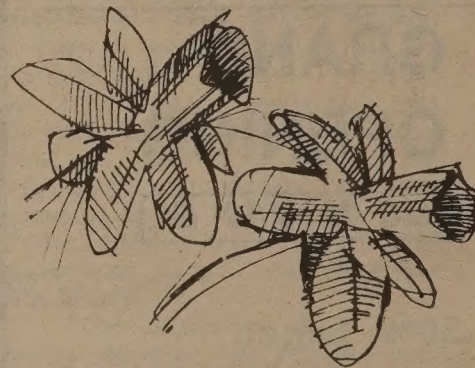
I knew most of the traditional flower symbolism, but I wanted to go deeper. I wanted to be knowledgeable of the full spectrum of flower communication. So I went to the experts--the florists. The people at Jeppson's Floral & Gift (205 W. 400 N.) were particularly helpful and provided me with this complete list of the meaning of flowers.

- Amaryllis -- Pride
- Azalea -- Temperance
- Bachelor's Button -- Celibacy
- Basil -- Hatred
- Cactus -- Warmth
- Carnation:
 - Red -- Alas! My poor heart!
 - Striped -- Refusal
 - Yellow -- Disdain
- Chrysanthemum:
 - Red -- I love
 - White -- Truth
 - Yellow -- Slighted love
 - Pink -- Woman's love
- Daffodil -- Regard
- Daisy -- Innocence
- Fern -- Fascination
- Forget-Me-Not -- True love

Hyacinth -- Sport, game, play
Ice Plant -- Your looks freeze me

Iris -- Message
Ivy -- Fidelity, marriage
Jasmine -- Amiability
Jonquil -- Affection
Lavender -- Distrust
Lilac -- Humility
Lily:

- White -- Purity, sweetness
- Yellow -- Falsehood, gayness
- Geranium -- True friendship
- Honeysuckle -- Generous and devoted affection
- Magnolia -- Love of nature
- Marigold -- Grief
- Narcissus -- Egotism
- Oak Leaves -- Bravery
- Olive -- Peace
- Orange Tree -- Generosity
- Palm -- Victory
- Pansy -- Thoughts
- Peach Blossom -- I am your captive
- Sweet Pea -- Departure
- Peony -- Shame
- Rhododendron -- Danger, beware
- Rose: Love
 - Burgundy -- Unconscious beauty
 - Cabbage -- Ambassador of love
 - Deep Red -- Bashful shame
 - White -- I am worthy of you
 - Yellow -- Jealousy; decrease of love
 - Single -- Simplicity
 - Red & White -- Unity
 - Red Bud -- Pure and lovely
 - White Bud -- Girlhood
 - Pink -- Boldness



Tulip: Fame

- Red -- Declaration of love
- Yellow -- Hopeless love
- Variegated -- Beautiful eyes
- Violet -- Faithfulness
- Vine -- Intoxication
- Zinnia -- Thoughts of absent friends

In addition, two roses taped or wired together to form a single stem signify an engagement or coming marriage.

You can see the boundless opportunities that await you through flowers. I must admit that I had no idea that such an expansive flower vocabulary exists. It got me to musing.

Some of the issues represented I don't know that I'd necessarily celebrate. I don't think I'd ever



send someone flowers as a comment on their celibacy. Sending someone ice plant seems vindictive.

Moreover, some of the options seemed downright unattractive. I think I might hesitate if someone gave me a bundle of vines notwithstanding that would mean they were intoxicated with me. A clump of oak leaves doesn't exactly sound like loveliness incarnate either.

Nevertheless, it appears that one could conceivably assemble a bouquet that conveys a whole paragraph. With the appropriate flowers you could say something like, "I love your pride to the point of intoxication that it causes me grief but nevertheless I am your captive with affection," or, "Alas! My poor heart! Your egotism should cause you shame and beware because I distrust you." Now I understand what the big deal is with flower arrangement.

At any rate, at least now you have this list and can avoid being ambiguous. Just decide what you want to say, and say it with flowers. Suspend your romantic prudence momentarily and experience the rapture that only a quixotic flower-giver can enjoy.

Doonesbury

BY GARRY TRUDEAU



For Inquiring Minds

NEW R.A. POLICY ANNOUNCED FOR OFF-CAMPUS HOUSING

Subsequent to last week's announcement that R.A.s would be required at all BYU approved housing, the BYU standards office announced its four year plan for student surveillance and monitoring. Starting in the fall of 1988, each student apartment will need to have a resident assistant who will be responsible for enforcing the BYU honor code within the apartment. The following year, students will have to make tape recordings of all conversations with members of the opposite sex and will submit these to the standards office for approval. These will be reviewed every night and will need to be approved before the student will be permitted to attend class the following day. Soon, the office hopes to assign an R.A. who will accompany students after graduation from the university. When asked the reasons for this policy, a spokesman said, "We are seeking to encourage obedience to the BYU honor code. We feel that this can best be done by gently encouraging compliance through reminders, pestering, and the best electronic surveillance equipment money can buy."

"GOOSE DOWN" CHURCH MISSIONARY ARRESTED

A missionary from a church that believes in the virtues of goose down appeared in Provo yesterday, and was arrested on charges of disorderly conduct. Carrying a sign that said, "God is good in goose down," he was distributing pamphlets of himself wearing a goose down jacket and holding an axe to the throat a helpless goose. He said that he believed that the Bible contains evidence that God wears goose down and that we can thus become closest to him by wearing coats, clothes, and underwear that contain the feathery stuff. He also said that we should support laws for "goose down" parks where only persons wearing goose down would be admitted. He denied that this would cause any problems and said, "If someone would feel uncomfortable at such a park, he needn't frequent it." There have been some rumors that this man was actually not a missionary but a representative for Eddie Bauer outdoor clothes.

PROVO-OREM MERGER ANNOUNCED

It's finally official. After years of secret negotiations, the two great metropolises of Provo and Orem have announced that they will merge to form one huge, bustling megalopolis that will become the second largest city in Utah. A reaction of general rejoicing was experienced at the announcement of the merger, but some of the details remain to be worked out, the biggest of which is the name for the community. Votes are evenly split between Poorem, to reflect the area's low standard of living, and Ovo, in honor of the new town's high birthrate.

Brushes With Fame

Lance Larsen claims that:

He shared nacho chips and a meatball sandwich with William Shakespeare at a Christmas party;

He shook hands with Merlin Olsen at a Fourth of July chuckwagon breakfast in Paris, Idaho;

His father saw Ryan O'Neal and Barbra Streisand in the San Francisco airport during the filming of *What's Up, Doc?*;

His roommate had the honor of Robert Redford swearing at him and revoking his Sundance family ski pass, which he had shared with seven "brothers," who were all remarkably enough eighteen years old;

He once took out the garbage for Leslie Norris, who used to go carousing with Dylan Thomas;

His roommate was in the MTC with a guy who played drums for Ted Nugent during the 1982 tour;

He had a missionary companion who played high school basketball with Danny Ainge and ate lobster with Zig Zigler;

His cousin had a ski collision with the queen of Spain;

His brother-in-law ate Kentucky Fried Chicken with Lorne Greene;

His great grandfather sold groceries to the parents of Gutzon Borglum, sculptor of Mount Rushmore;

His sister lived down the street from Gerald Ford's son when, during his father's stint in the White House, he was busted for smoking marijuana;

He bought Colgate toothpaste at a grocery store owned by Evel Knevel's uncle;

His sister arranged a fruit and cheese plate that was placed in Johnny Mathis' dressing room at a Tupperware Jubilee in Logan, Utah;

He saw Donny Osmond pumping his own gas at Hart's across from Helaman Halls.

Has greatness been almost thrust upon you? Send your Brushes to PO Box 7092, University Station.

Black Awareness Week

Tuesday, Feb. 10

1:00 - 5:00 on the hour
Video about Martin
Luther King in ELWC
Step-Down Lounge

Dr. Ronald Coleman
Dir. Black Studies U of U
"Blacks in Utah History"
6:00 pm
205 JRC Law Bldg.

Wednesday, Feb. 11

Mary Sturlaugson Eyer
1st Black Lady LDS
Missionary and Author of:

*A Soul so Rebellious
&
He Restoreth My Soul*

JSB Auditorium 7:00 pm

Thursday, Feb. 12

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DeJong Concert Hall 6:00 pm

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Aphrodisiacs at BYU

by Steven Jackson

aph • ro • dis • i • ac *adj.* [from Gr. *Aphrodite*] arousing sexual desire --n. an aphrodisiac drug, etc.

Don't let the title offend or scare you--this is all in the fun of Valentine's Day. Despite many readers' initial reaction, we're discussing romance, not sex--there is a distinction. (In addition, anyone trying to associate anything in this article with Freudian psychoanalytical terminology will be forced to watch reruns of the America's Cup in its entirety--including commercials.)

"Aphrodisiac" comes right before "Aphrodite" in the dictionary. The goddess Aphrodite (who was evidently in charge of love, beauty, fertility, and general fooling around) had an intensely sensual beauty that aroused jealousy among other goddesses. She was perhaps like a combination of Cybill Shepherd and Vanna White, (not to suggest any likeness between Bruce Willis, Pat Sejak, and the god Hephaestus whom Aphrodite was supposedly married to).

Mythology aside, let's get down to the details. What are aphrodisiacal foods? The list includes green M&M's, Hawaiian shave ice, oysters, crushed rhinoceros horn (just ask your local grocer to special order it), popsicles, mangoes, nectarines, tuna fish, any sort of mexican food, pistachios, chocolate, coconuts, brazil nuts, almonds, breakfast cereals, and just about anything else you can find on a supermarket inventory. All these items, easily available to any BYU student (even ones who live in the dorms) are considered lethal aphrodisiacs--capable of sending users into uncontrolled fits of, well, you know, passion.

But is there any truth to the idea of green M&M's making your hormone imbalance even more imbalanced? Is it logical to assume that if you should go home and eat an entire bowl of kumquats that you could become a raging animal, a fearless explorer, or the Frank Burns of BYU? Some people are already like that and they don't even know what a kumquat is.

The real issue, however, is the frequently heard rumor that BYU puts substances of aphrodisiacal nature into certain food items available through Food Service. This is allegedly done to hasten the marriages of unsuspecting students.

We may never know how much truth lies behind this frequent rumor. But consider: What if you were being subjected to unknown doses of ingredients that could alter your hormones? What if you woke up one day with a sudden urge to be married? What is that in your



Combo II platter? Why does your pizza taste a little funny? Why do they always serve that same pink Y sparkle every banquet? Think about these questions the next time you're a guest of BYU Food Services, and you wonder why your honeybutter won't melt on your cornbread.

It is unlikely that the administration realizes the potential impact of this move. Strong sex drives can be taken care of in basically three ways: 1) abstinence--perhaps the best route, but the hardest; 2) marriage--another worthy option but major responsibility; and finally 3) immorality--the final frontier. So the next time you wind up in the stake president's office, thank BYU Food Service.

Another controversy, contrasting with the one just subliminally mentioned, concerns the rumor that they secretly put saltpeter in the

food at the MTC in hopes of curbing the sex drives of those inhabiting the premises. Well, saltpeter doesn't even have a sexual meaning in the dictionary (connotative or denotative); besides, everybody in my MTC district agreed that they maintained the same desires they had previous to entering, so I think it is safe to assume that myth to be a falsehood.

To get to the heart of the matter, I finally asked a person of the religious hierarchy persuasion what he thought about aphrodisiacs and he said he didn't really believe in them. This man has eight children. I even asked my dad what he thought about the matter and he seemed convinced that an aphrodisiac was all a state of the mind. I have nine brothers and sisters. Evidently people who don't believe in aphrodisiacs don't need to; they seem to be doing just fine.

Many people seem convinced that chocolate is an aphrodisiac, hence the great giving of chocolaty gifts around Valentine's, when the aroma of amour is in the air. People also eat large doses of chocolate when they get depressed, which is interesting because most people get depressed when there is a distinct void of romance in their life. But for my money a Milky Way bar isn't the same thing as a hug and a kiss.

Saltpeter, green M & M's, the enchillada combo--to be honest, I'm just not sure. The only thing I can safely conclude is that the next time the waitress at the Skyroom asks if I would like a refill of Y sparkle, I'll respond with a chaste "No, thank you."

Top 10 Complaints

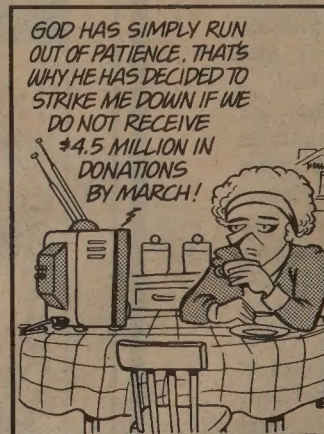
- #10 Campus too big, needs monorail system.
- #9 "Snow White" censored at Varsity Theatre.
- #8 Hitler was nicer than my dorm mother.
- #7 Bell tower should play more often.
- #6 Testing Center no longer gives out "free massage" coupons for A's.
- #5 BYU Co-eds aren't all they're cracked up to be.
- #4 Too many Mormons.
- #3 Occult sessions at Academy not accepted for Humanities extra credit.
- #2 University Policeman's Ball closed to public.
- #1 Pres. Holland cuts in food lines at Cougarat.

by Gregory Condiff

Declassifieds

Club Note: Sam Hall meeting Monday night, 6:00 pm at the Pie Pizzeria. Valentines Party with PDG Wed. night. For information call 375-2667.

Personals: Mike Smith--Lisa D. lost your number, so you call her.



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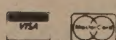
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Freshman Forum: Makeout

by Chris Behan

You've seen them. They're everywhere. Usually they are found in clumps of two, sprouting on benches, couches, open patches of ground, and any other public place. I'm not talking about mushrooms or other fungal growths. I'm talking about couples groping and drooling all over each other in public so that everyone can see and admire them.

If you happen to live in the dorms, a typical day might go like this: You walk out of the Morris Center Cafeteria, and directly in front of you, on a padded bench, is a couple very much in lust. The girl is lying on her stomach, a look of fulfillment on her face. Lying on top of the girl in a sort of "praying mantis" position is a guy giving her a backrub.

Now, before anyone gets all bent out of shape about backrubs, let me state that this is no ordinary, harmless, recreational backrub. This is a backrub straight out of Dr. Ruth's book; it isn't intended to alleviate minor back pain.

Anyway, you see this and try to choose between some options. You could do any of the following:

- A) Pretend there is nothing going on.
- B) Take notes on subtle ways to indicate affection.
- C) Grab a date and pretend you're watching any newly-released movie about college life.
- D) Attribute the activity to some sort of social-club pledge requirement.

Being the intelligent person that you are, you choose "A." After all, it's none of your business what other people do in public. You continue on your way back to your dorm. You walk into the lobby, and find several couples studying together.

You notice that they are studying for several different classes: Comparative Anatomy 101 (The Braille Method); Mutual Tonsil-Tickling 180; Saliva Redistribution 422; and other similar subjects. You are, of course, shocked that this should be going on in a public place: there are couples on the ping-pong table, on the floor, between the telephone booths, and anywhere else there isn't another couple.

You once again leave the scene, wondering why there are so many exhibitionists and contortionists in one room. But you quickly let that pass; you've got a date to worry about. As you get ready for your date, you anticipate a nice evening--perhaps dinner and a movie, maybe a little bit of dancing afterwards.

As luck would have it, your date lives in Heritage Halls. You walk up to her apartment, passing by one of her roommates who is frantically wrestling with some guy on the couch. She waves at you and the guy flashes you a knowing smile. Then they resume their activity at an even more frenzied pace.

Your date looks lovely--she is a picture of purity and wholesomeness. "Well, are you ready?" you ask.

"Yes, I am," she replies. "What movie are we going to see?"

"Whatever you want."

"Oh, let's see *Top Gun*. I heard it's supposed to be pretty good." You've always been interested in naval aviation, and the song from the movie was nice, so you agree.

A short time later, you are watching the movie. The plot is excellent. You are kept in suspense nearly the entire time wondering when Tom Cruise and Kelly McGillis are going to have a nocturnal adventure together. Finally, they do, and you are treated to some excellent silhouettes of their tongues battling it out on the huge screen. You are slightly embarrassed to have brought your date to the movie because she'll think you're stupid for wasting money on a movie when you could have watched the same thing for free on the couch just outside her apartment.

Afterwards, you go dancing, and that's pretty fun. The slow songs are interesting because people vie to see who can get away with the most physical activity during the dance. You see several people who have obviously been influenced by "*Top Gun*." It's not that you're trying to notice these things; it's just that every time you turn your head, someone is going at it with someone else.

You wonder for a moment just what is so exciting about public displays of affection. Whatever happened to the proverbial Tree under which people are traditionally supposed to express their undying lust for each other? Perhaps botany ought to be stressed more than anatomy, because it is obvious that people know what to do--they just have a little trouble figuring out what trees look like.

After vigorously shaking your date's hand--in public because you couldn't maneuver her under a tree--you leave. You wonder what kind of thrilling excitement you've missed out on. But then, you've never streaked naked through a convent, either.

Chris also wrote the infamous "Sorry, Dude" article. He's taking a lot of G.E. classes.

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BYU's "Romantic" Terms

by Spencer Dixon

Roll (action verb) -- to spend between 20 minutes and 4 hours in a prone or semi-prone position in extremely close quarters with a member of the opposite sex. Often experienced in a secluded and predominately non-illuminated environment. *Did you roll Karen again last night?*

Squeeze 1. (noun, possessive)-- associate, companion or romantic partner (usually member of the opposite sex). Proportional relationship to amount of time spent with him/her. *Yeah, Roxanne is my latest squeeze.*

2. (verb) -- the act of squeezing. To engage in courting and related activities (specifically see **Roll**, **ROTC**, **NCMO**, etc). *Who's squeezing on Evan these days?*

Main Squeeze (noun, very possessive) -- associate, companion or romantic partner most frequented. Demands a greater romantic association than squeeze. *Is Betty your new main squeeze?*

NCMO [acronym for Non-Committal Make Out] (noun) -- of or relating to rolling with special emphasis on exclusion of any post-incident obligations. *Did you get a little NCMO from Monica?*

ROTC [acronym for Rolling On The Carpet/Couch] (prepositional phrase) -- the act of making out, with special emphasis on location. For example, ROTC does not apply to NCMO acquired in an automobile or in the out-of-doors. *I was so embarrassed when my roommate caught Paul and I engaged in ROTC.*

Scam (verb, inquiring) -- anxious solicitation of romance, including the pursuit of NCMO, ROTC, and Squeezing. *Those "clubby chicks" always scam in the Cougarat.*

Scammer (noun) -- one who scams. *Lynette is such a scammer.*

Scam-Cam (noun) -- contraction derived from "scamming camera," referring to the apparatus used when involved in the act of scamming. Essential to all who depend greatly on this method of social interacting. *Scott, focus your scam-cam on those buns.*

Love (noun, verb or modifier)-- true or dependable definition has yet to be agreed upon. Those seeking it should recognize futility of such endeavor. *What do you mean, do I love you?*

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the editorial page

Working Mothers and Traditional Roles

by Michelle Higham

Call it my pet gripe. Call me a complainer. But I am about to embark on a subject which both fascinates and infuriates me. There is nothing wrong with a woman wanting to have a career, and there is nothing wrong with wanting to have children. Both can be accomplished, if desired, in a woman's lifetime. In fact, they can be accomplished simultaneously and effectively if handled correctly.

Nothing irritates me more than someone saying that a working mother messes up her children and their future life and happiness because she is not in the home 24 hours a day. Coming from a household where my mother worked or went to school for all but three years, I resent such statements. I am not "messed up," nor are any of my three siblings. In fact, I consider all of us to be very well adjusted. Lack of quality time when parents are home is what causes children to have problems, not a working mother.

I am continually amazed at the attention placed on the traditional roles of women. Some people feel that it is their personal mission in life to abolish all such roles to avoid the calamities of yesteryear. Others maintain that our society must continue in these entrenched patterns or fall into eternal damnation. Neither of these equally dismal outcomes is sensible or likely. A synthesis of the two is slowly taking place. This will likely happen without the assistance of most women who stand to benefit from the changes in the system.

I have often wondered at the lack of interest young women take in the development of social causes that will benefit them throughout life. In

contrast, many young women who are outwardly fighting for freedom from staid roles are only adding to the perpetuation of those roles. They carelessly attack the current state of women and thereby convince the fence-sitters of the potential for loss of genteel, feminine manners as a result of the women's movement. Additionally, women often become so aggressive in rebuttal that no one cares to listen. I, for one, must plead guilty to portraying an aggressive front when fighting for my rights.

When I first began my college career I was under the false impression that in order to keep my personal integrity regarding women's roles I had to be shrill and harsh in my determined speeches. With these, I "re-oriented" the misled men and women who happened to make some off-hand and offensive remark about women. I took the very hard stance that young women, like myself, had been brainwashed into thinking that marriage and babies were the only route to happiness and self-fulfillment. I was especially hard on those people who considered it their responsibility to inform me that my priorities for life were incorrect. I never convinced anyone of the rightness of my argument, but more importantly, I never gained understanding or respect for my differing opinion.

One of the most basic steps for attitude change is understanding. Without that, there is no chance for tolerance and acceptance of new ideas. We live in a sub-culture that resists change. Hardcore approaches for attitude change are not effective and do not affect the understanding of those we wish to change. Since

that first year in college, I have softened my approach for change and improved the respect and understanding I receive for my opinions.

My view that it is every individual's own decision what to do with their life has not changed, but the responses I get have. No longer do I go to school every day with my battle sword in hand. I approach the changing of attitudes more like the Pied Piper would, not like an army general. People must be coaxed along, not really recognizing the changes taking place in their own mind. One day they realize they will have a different view than they did so many months ago.

Perhaps it is not the lack of manners in the approach for understanding that deadlocks role expectations in Happy Valley. Perhaps it is that we women are not willing to go whole-heartedly into the pursuit of change. We want to have our cake and eat it too. We want our freedom, but we also want to maintain the benefits of our traditional position.

Women, including women at BYU, can have cake (without frosting) and eat it if we will just approach change differently. It is time that we start assuming the professional roles we want but without the chip on our shoulder. We can gain the respect and admiration of those with whom we compete without jeopardizing our femininity.

We may not gain universal approval but, in time, we can gain understanding, the building block for change.

Michelle is liberated but enlightened.

Awareness

by Steve Ashford

When activist Mitch Snyder from Washington D.C. spoke here for the Human Rights Symposium, his first remarks expressed his bewilderment at all of the white faces in the audience. He later exclaimed, "it is wrong that all of you sitting here are white."

Concerned about this problem, the Black Students Association (BSA) and the ASBYU Academics Office are sponsoring Black Awareness Week, Feb. 10-14.

One may wonder at the need for such a week. Although the name implies its purpose--to create an awareness in the BYU community concerning America's largest minority group--there is another goal of Black Awareness Week which may not seem so apparent. Hopefully, the BSA and the Awareness Week will indirectly help BYU attract more black students.

It is no secret that BYU has very few black students. Last year, the official count was 38. Although a more accurate number would be somewhere between 80 and 100 (.4% of the student body), BYU has a long way to go before it can truly say "The World is Our Campus".

A greater number of blacks and other ethnic minorities at BYU would certainly contribute to our quality of education. While we may spend a great deal of time studying out of books and writing papers, most of our education actually comes from our interaction with others in and out of the classroom. Certainly a healthy and robust interchange of ideas from students with a variety of backgrounds, points of view, experiences, and races is desirable on any first-rate college campus.

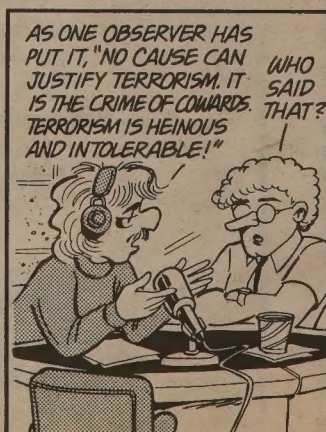
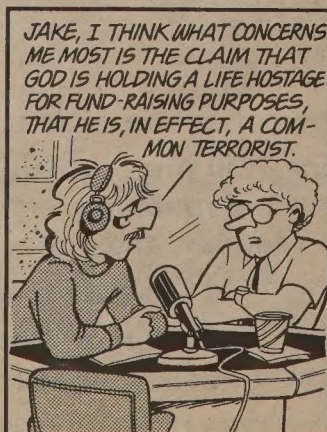
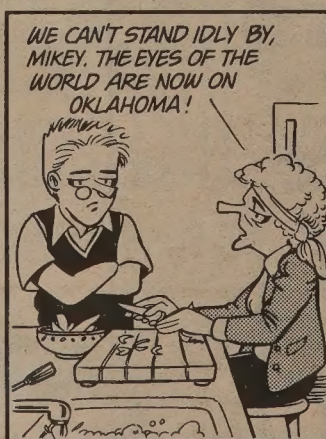
But before BYU will obtain more black students two things must happen. First, BYU needs to want black students. I'm not talking about mere lip service, but active recruit of black students--and not just athletes for national championship teams. Second, BYU must be a place where black students would want to come. While it may be true that the Honor Code will deter some students from attending BYU, there are many black students who would welcome the BYU Honor Code.

BYU's image as an all-white institution is the major deterrent from recruiting black students. This image needs to be changed. This is where the Black Students Association and Black Awareness Week comes in. Hopefully, we can help change BYU's too-white image.

According to BYU statistics, Steve is white. He just has a good tan.

Doonesbury

BY GARRY TRUDEAU



Editor's note:
Letters and articles
are always welcome.
We publish some of them.
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On Graduating Single

by Margy Ullmann

I am twenty-three years old. If I can ever get a grip on my thesis, I will soon be forced to give up my cheap apartment, abandon this haven called Provo, and carve my niche in the real world. And I haven't snagged a man yet.

I have mixed feelings. I'm forced to admit that it strikes terror in my heart when I realize I will probably end up in a place where the availability of single LDS males is not even worth calculating. The fate of graduating single, however, has plenty of positive aspects to console me.

I can go anywhere and do anything that I please after I finish here. Right now my prospects range from taking a consulting job with a computer firm in Manhattan to working in a French restaurant on a small island in the Caribbean. The possibilities are endless and all of them are exciting.

Being a woman means I am in a unique position. I need to make just enough money to keep myself happy, which affords me the flexibility to consider even more options. If I eventually marry, I'll either be supplementing an income or getting a "free ride" (I haven't gone out with a man yet who hasn't insisted that he wants to support his wife and children).

If I end up alone in the position of supporting a family somewhere down the road, I can fall back on my degrees and my resourcefulness to pull me through. In the meantime, I am not limited in my choices by monetary factors. I can earn a little money and take a trip, then earn a little more and take another. And as long as I can keep my car insurance paid, I'll feel like I'm leading my life like a responsible adult.

Of course, I can decide to seriously pursue a career. There is

virtually nothing holding me back except the very real goal of marriage and motherhood. The underpinnings of a dilemma exist in the risk of getting so caught up in a career that I sacrifice the wonderful opportunity of staying home to raise my children.

But when I look at the successful role models surrounding me, I feel encouraged to forge full speed ahead with a career. This past summer I had the privilege of working for a federal judge. She went to law school, and upon graduation and passing the bar she started her practice. She got married and then pregnant, fully intending to return to work after a few months maternity leave. When she had her baby, she was overwhelmed with the desire to stay home and nurture her. She ended up staying home for nine years, completely out of circulation. When she decided to return to work, she started part time with a small firm. Through hard work, she eventually became a partner in one of the most prestigious law firms in Washington, D.C. At 54, she was appointed to the federal bench by President Reagan. It is difficult to find a more competitive field than law, but this woman's life is proof that motherhood and a successful career are not necessarily conflicting goals.

If I was getting married on April 18 like many other BYU students, I would probably settle down into a nice domestic routine. And I would be happy because I'm easily entertained. But I think I would always wonder what opportunities could have been mine as a single young woman.

Margy still has two months before graduation.

Comparatively Speaking

by David Rodeback

We love to compare things: colas, fast food, BYU quarterbacks, even Nicaragua and Vietnam. Someday, unfortunately, we may compare the last decade of Nicaragua's history with the next decade of South Africa's. In our sillier moments, we compare BYU with heaven or the Soviet Union, depending on the weather. Some popular fiction writers compare the current Iran "scandal" with Watergate. They dream of comparable results, of course. Obviously, some comparisons are not as good as others.

Speaking of Iran, some comparisons . . .

Let's begin with the media, which resembles the proverbial boy with the hammer. Give the little tyke a hammer, and he'll find--or create--something to hit. Of course, there are some differences between Johnny and the puerile media: Johnny won't hit the same thing over and over again for months at a time. Johnny will grow up. And the media doesn't have a mother to spank it and confiscate its hammer when it's naughty (which is not necessarily bad--where there are mothers there may be Big Brothers).

We could compare President Reagan's part in the arms sales to Iran to Franklin Roosevelt's sale of destroyers to Great Britain before we entered World War II, and, coincidentally, before Congress passed the legislation that made the sale legal. But what about deceit? Didn't the President say we wouldn't sell arms to Iran? Yes, and long after Roosevelt had concluded that we must enter the war against the wishes of a pacifistic populace, he continued to promise that our troops would never be sent overseas. Was Roosevelt wrong? Maybe. Is Reagan wrong?

Maybe. What do two wrongs make? More wrongs. More media fodder. Is Reagan as dead as Roosevelt, politically? Contrary to the Nightly News, no. The squadrons of journalist-vultures were deployed rather prematurely, one thinks.

But there is no dearth of optimism in the swarms, nor is there any secrecy about motives. Michael Kinsley (to what shall we compare him?) recently wrote in the Washington Post:

"The fall of Reagan is a laughing matter. The only irritating aspect of the otherwise delightful collapse of the Reagan administration is the widespread insistence that we must all be poker-faced about it."

Perhaps we could compare him to an Amazon headhunter who has the biggest mouth in the tribe.

Then there are the comparable declines in the credibility ratings of the President and, ahem, the media. And it might be interesting to compare the early and final editions of the December 23 *Washington Post*. A front-page story in the early edition included these sentences: "Surveys taken by presidential pollster Richard B. Wirthlin show a recent 10 to 15 point recovery in Reagan's approval rating. . . . Wirthlin's ratings now put his approval rating in the mid-to-high 50's." Somehow that news didn't appear in the "same" story in the final edition. Scissors are wonderful things, if sometimes a bit slow.

The mass media masses should be welcome in Hollywood. They may not deserve the Pulitzers they covet, but they certainly merit a few Oscars.

Dave has a Reagan/Bush bumper sticker on his backpack.

Is Black English Gonna Get Chu Dat Job?

by Jerri A. Hale

For many years, blacks have been so concerned with racial discrimination that they have not been aware of another discrimination which exists: language.

There are numerous studies published attesting to the fact that speakers of non-standard dialects such as Black English are less likely to be hired or promoted than speakers of Standard English. The success rate--financial and social status--for such individuals is also lower because, as similar studies have shown, the gross income one earns is affected by one's language and dialect. Employers do not want to hire anyone who will give their company a bad image. For this reason, blacks who speak a non-standard English are often passed over by employers during the hiring and promoting process in favor of those who have mastered the language and communication skills of Standard English. There is no way around the issue--language and communication skills will affect one's chances of getting a job.

Assuming blacks realize the effect language skills have in the job

market, why have they been reluctant to use Standard English?

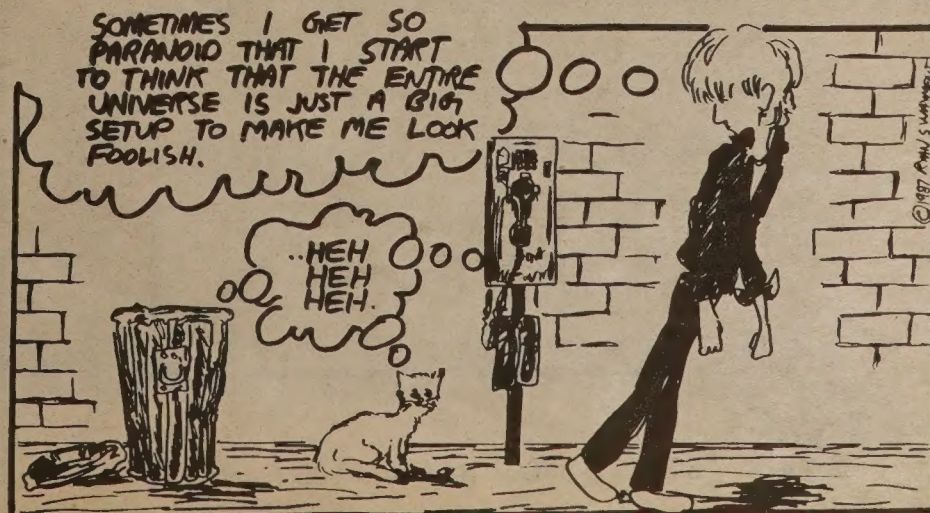
Perhaps blacks, as a whole, have been reluctant to use Standard English because of several attitudes circulated among their peers. Not to use Black English is thought to be a "slap in the face" to the black culture and the issue of black identity. Blackness and the whole question of black identity are too often associated with such race defeating attitudes as judging one's blackness and identity by the language or dialect one uses. It has been my experience that for blacks to use "proper" or Standard English is often judged by others as an attempt by these particular blacks to be white and, hence, they are labeled "uppity niggers," and are thought to be too good to use the language of their race and people. For a black to use Standard English does not make him white, anymore than a white to use Black English will make him black.

Even if language leads to discrimination in the job market, it does not have to affect blacks as much as it does. Language and communication skills can be learned, improved, and refined. If using

Standard English is the means whereby blacks can have a larger impact in the job market, then it should be learned and mastered. If the efficiency of a potential employee is determined by his language usage, then blacks must prepare themselves to seize these opportunities through whatever means are necessary.

Blacks have a major contribution to make in the job market. To make that contribution, they have to be aware of what obstacles they must

overcome to obtain the leadership positions, in business and elsewhere, in a society where language and communication skills mean as much, if not more, than one's ability to perform the task. If Black English is self-defeating to the attempts of blacks to get ahead in this country, then it needs to be abandoned for that which will bring greater (but not guaranteed) success to blacks as a whole: Standard English.



Romance Calendar

by Spencer Dixon

Life at BYU revolves around schedules and calendars. We all seem to live and die by our syllabi. This fascination or dependance upon time-tables has extended to other aspects of our lives as well: dating and romance at BYU follow its own unwritten syllabus or timetable. This is often referred to as the hidden agenda. For Valentine's Day we thought it appropriate to reveal its essential parts:

September 1-10

That memorable first encounter.

Explanation: No specific pre-requisites or prior engagements required. One can meet his/her special one anywhere in the campus situation (extra points for creativity). **Important:** The first month of school is prime pick up time, don't procrastinate. Cramming for this test will not help.

October 1

Time for self-evaluation.

Explanation: Are you a happy camper? Depending upon how successful you were during the critical first month you will experience acute depression or an intense sensation of false security. For those who lost their syllabus early in the year, its still not too late to drop without getting a UW.

October 10-25

Stake Conference.

Explanation: Again this year's theme will be the M-word. One of several qualified and experienced general authorities will preach GMN (Get Married Now) to you in the de Jong Concert Hall. Don't attend without your honey: you'll need each other for this one.

November 23-27

Thanksgiving with the relatives.

Explanation: Ideally you should spend this holiday with your honey's grandparents here in Provo. If this cannot be arranged due to extenuating circumstances or deceased grandparents, at least call him or her everyday during the break.

December 1-15

Period of intense courting.

Explanation: Spend every minute of every day together with him/her. Discussions should revolve around

each other's aspirations and expectations in life (especially engagement and the M-word). Important: Spend nearly every night at his or her place until the early hours of the morning.

December 20-31

Proposal.

Explanation: Courtship should have developed to extent of proposing an eternal binding of the relationship. No standard method of proposal exists but, again, extra points awarded for creativity.

December 31

The Decision.

Explanation: Flip a coin, heads indicates the M-word, tails means dump him/her. Actual execution of the decision is of foremost importance, though the outcome should be entirely arbitrary.

Important: Under no circumstances should you continue with the relationship unless decision requires preparation for the M-word.

January 1-31

The engagement.

Explanation: Spending more time together than during the period of intense dating is absolute requirement. The goal here is to drive both your and his/her roommates crazy with endless talk of the M-word, Bride's magazine, and the possible honeymoon place.

February 1-13

First big fight.

Explanation: The topic chosen is up to the individual taking into account personal pet-peeves and attitudes.

February 14

Valentine's Day

Explanation: Coin toss to determine outcome of argument: heads means give/take back the ring, tails signals kiss and make up. Once again, outcome is entirely arbitrary. Importance should be on placed on finality of the decision.

April-August

Lifetime fulfillment of the M-word.

Explanation: Make your vows, do the honeymoon and return to perfect little apartment in Orem.

Spencer organizes his dating with a daytimer.

Problem of the Week

Arriving Late to Class

by Willa Murphy

It's happened to all of us--the bell rings just as you are galloping up the stairs of the JSB to your religion class. You wait patiently outside the door, listening to the garbles and mutterings of Brother Spanish Farkian's heavenly-directed words: Ourfathernheavn...praythouspiritbewustoday...andthankflferBrother ***...andferthiswunnerfuluniversity... anferthgospelanferthBookoMarmon... AMEN.

There is a sudden rustling of scriptures and notebooks as you enter and scan the room for a place to perch. All eyes fall in your direction as the door closes. You search frantically.

"Oh, Sister ---! There's a seat right up here!" beckons Brother ***.

Of course, the one empty seat is dead center in the second row, and no one offers to move down and make your quest for squatting an easy task. All those in the second row (the type that arrive for an 8 a.m. class at 7:15) have their desks flipped up, scriptures opened to the appropriate page, pen resting on the appropriate verse, completed assignment awaiting correction. Sighing with disgust, they all begin to disassemble their carefully placed learning tools.

"Excuse me," you say, facing the longest ten-foot journey of your entire college career.

The first step is the easiest--one foot remains on solid floor. After relinquishing this horizontal surface, things begin to get ugly. Some hard cores simply refuse to upset their scriptural display, and you soon find yourself straddling two desks and a pair of knees, your feet futilely searching for a secure toehold.

The floor, however, has been conveniently blanketed with backpacks, brown-bag lunches, feet, and other doughy objects that you can't quite distinguish.

There is undoubtedly an engaged couple in this row, their bodies locked tightly together, eyes fixed on each other, oblivious to your frantic

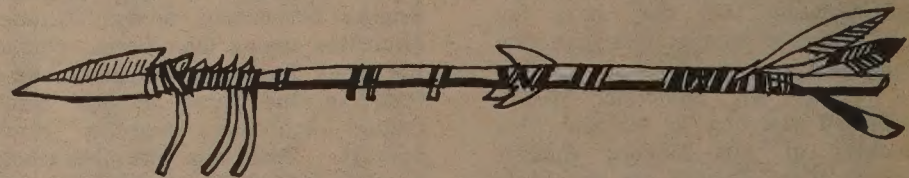
struggle. You all know them--the couple who have all the same classes together, who share Jello salad in the Cougarseat, and who may start bleeding if separated for more than three minutes. They share a desk between them, and you attempt to squeeze between it, their knees, and the front row seats.

The class, by this time, is quite enjoying the side show provided in row two, as you attempt to catch yourself from falling into the next student's lap. Your pores begin to fill with sweat. Any sense of human symmetry is quite lost as you bumble without balance across the row. Everything becomes a blur of tangled limbs, formica desk tops, and trumpeting Angel Moronis.

The vacant seat now hovers closer, and you just decide to let yourself fall in its general direction. All dignity has been lost anyway, and you are too frustrated to care. Grasping the arm of the chair, you pull your useless body across the labyrinth of knees and desks. The quest is over, but somehow the experience puts a damper on what might have been a good day.

How can this traumatic event be avoided? The obvious solution is to arrive to class on time, but this would simply be treating a symptom and not the root of the problem. I believe it goes much deeper than this. Some inherent evil in all of us causes this unforgivable selfishness of taking the aisle seats. An innocent act of thoughtlessness? Or maybe... SATAN? You decide. But I believe this thing is bigger than any of us know--something that is perhaps corrupting even the heights of the administration. And this type of evil does not stop--it grows and spreads to others, causing even greater abominations--facial hair, lotteries, nuclear war. Think about it, and next time, save me the aisle seat.

Willa, a frequent font of features, is a member of the Higher Tuition Club.



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Top Twenty

1. Milk crates in your room
2. Lasagne
3. Neighbors of the opposite sex
4. Presidents' Holiday
5. "Knot's Landing"
6. Mail from Ed McMahon
7. a-ha's "Cry Wolf"
8. Red pumps
9. Living your own life
10. Tax refund checks
11. Reverend Abernathy
12. New Testament
13. Canadian co-eds
14. The Beatles
15. "Our World"
16. Puns
17. Communards
18. *The Mission*
19. "Infected" - The The
20. Personal computers

Bottom Ten

(in random order)

Off-campus RA's, John Birch Society, Valentine's Day, the absence of Soap Box, Testing Center, "Amerika", homelessness, new Levi's, obnoxious Top-40 DJ's.

THE WORST: KBER's Celebrity Death Watch, in gleeful anticipation of Liberace's death.

ski * ski * ski * ski * ski * ski * ski * ski * ski *



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ski * ski * ski * ski * ski * ski * ski * ski * ski *



Name: Winn Claybaugh Age: 27 Profession: Owner, Von Curtis Academies and Salons, home office at 35 North University Avenue, Provo. Part of Provo Town Square.

"Let me tell you how we got started, then you tell me if we're talking about success.

"Four years ago, Provo Town Square owned just one building. I had a salon in the basement. Talk about starting at the bottom? You can't get much lower than the basement.

"Now Provo Town Square has a lot more buildings and Von Curtis is on the second floor—and expanded. We've got one academy and salon here in Provo

WINN CLAYBAUGH: THE HAIRITAGE OF PROVO TOWN SQUARE

Town Square, and a second academy in Salt Lake. Over 110 chairs. People who want to be students in our academies call us from New York, Boston, Los Angeles, Seattle . . . all over.

"Professionals come to get their hair done. BYU students—lots of BYU students come. Why? They want quality.

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"If you want to be the boss and be the best, you can't settle for mediocrity. That's why I'm in Provo Town Square. It's old, historic buildings full of new, exciting ideas. I've been asked to expand Von Curtis all over the country, but I'll never find another location like Provo Town Square."

Provo Town Square—

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Provo
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SQUARE**

Hipster's Guide

Jazz Culture and How to Speak

by Robert Raleigh

This is the first of several articles on being hip in Provo and beyond.

Picture yourself sitting at a table in some sort of jazz club (I like Backstage Cafe) with a group of friends. The evening is charged with excitement, and you are feeling especially witty. As the piano player finishes a number, your friend says casually, "The piano player is obviously possessed. . . ."

You turn to him in surprise, wondering why he would say such a thing. Is it perhaps only to embarrass you?

"...of an unflaggingly creative artistry..." he continues, pausing to sip his strawberry-banana las brisas, "...that is able to combine the skeletal textures of a Thelonius Monk with the be-bop shapes and chromatic intensity of a Bud Powell."

Do you:

(a) cough politely and sip from your water glass?

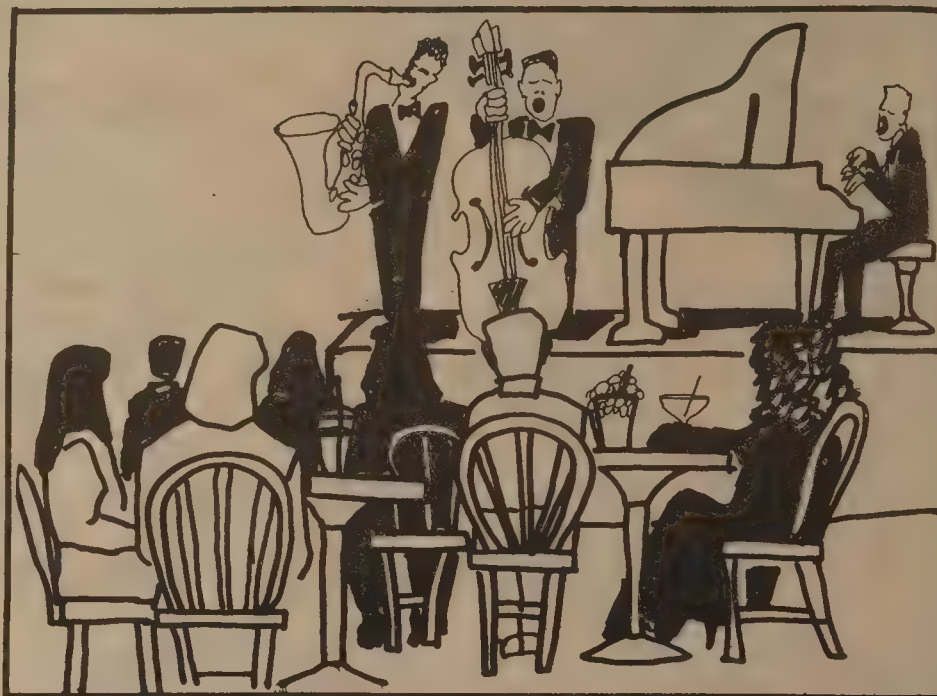
(b) smile demurely?

(c) respond enthusiastically, "Yeah, that cat's got mean chops, all right, though his palette is obviously more influenced by Ellington than Monk."

If your answer was (c) then you should be writing this article, but otherwise, what you need is the HIPSTER'S GUIDE.

A hipster, as defined by this column, is someone who is able to have his cake and eat it too, among other things. Many words have come and gone to describe what the French call *savant*: cool, groovy, far out, rockin', swell, super, bitchin', neat, bad, rad, awesome, altered, gear, rich, sublime, the cat's meow, and so forth. These words are likely to connote certain time periods, regional dialects, social classes, or even in some cases hair color and/or shoe size. The perennial favorite of those "in the know," however, owing to the institution of jazz music, is HIP, which is a derivative, for the purposes of this article, of hipster.

This first installment of the GUIDE will be a brief sketch of the ins and outs of jazz music. Knowing what to say when listening to jazz, or discussing it, is essential fare for any respectable hipster. In fact, it is often said: Jazz is the staff of life of the hip diet, or something like that.



Exclusive Interview

Greg Stallings, the resident jazz pianist for the Backstage Cafe, has courteously agreed to provide the meat and potatoes of this otherwise peas and carrots article by granting an interview with the GUIDE.

HG: How do you feel about jazz music in general?

GS: I feel very good about it.

HG: Could you elaborate?

GS: People generally don't realize that jazz music is almost completely improvised at the actual moment of performance. When a jazz musician walks up on the stage to perform his solo, he's spontaneously expressing his whole life's experience in front of the audience: his childhood, his courtship with his wife, the car accident he suffered five years ago, the eviction notice he received that morning (what did he go and choose a lousy profession like jazz music for anyway?)

A lot of people who learn of my consuming passion for the music tell me things like, "Oh, I adore jazz music--Herb Alpert, Sting, Billy Ocean, George Winston." Get real! Listen to the *real* jazz music, especially that of the great black masters: John Coltrane, Dizzy Gillespie, Louis Armstrong, Miles Davis, Charlie Parker, Sonny Rollins, Thelonius Monk, Bud Powell, Count

Basie, Billie Holiday, Duke Ellington, and Clifford Brown. Sting! (Said sarcastically.) Don't make me ill.

HG: How did you become interested in jazz music?

GS: As I was growing up, my uncle introduced me to some of the classic jazz albums--Dave Brubeck Quartet, Miles Davis Quintet, etc. Soon I threw my Brubeck albums out the window as I became more and more obsessed with the black man's idiom. Miles Davis, Charlie Parker, John Coltrane--they became musical gods to me. I consciously emulated their clothing styles, donning apparel that was modeled after the clothes they wore on their album jackets. I must confess that many times I yearned to be a black man. I suppose this is the universal dilemma of the young, white aspiring jazz musician.

HG: It is widely reported that your favorite flavor of icecream is black tin roof sundae. Do you think your love affair with jazz had anything to do with this?

GS: Definitely.

Jazz Terms Defined

Greg also provided a few jazz terms, with explanations.

Solid, cool, hip -- some oft-heard superlatives used to praise an improvised jazz solo in progress.

In there -- describes the playing of a cat who's making some sounds that

are mighty soothing to the ear. Cats who generally play "in there" include a lot of white players like Stan Getz, the late Paul Desmond, Gerry Mulligan, the late Benny Goodman, as well as some black cats like Oscar Peterson or Ahmad Jamal.

Out there -- describes the music of cats whose playing is constantly on the cutting edge, challenging and even at times assaulting the listener. Cats who generally play "out there" include many black players, such as the late Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie, the late John Coltrane, Wynton Marsalis, Branford Marsalis, Miles Davis (though not always), Cecil Taylor, and Ornette Coleman.

Chops -- If you're digging the technical virtuosity of an improvising jazz artist, you may want to prominently exclaim, "that cat's got a lot of chops!" or "that cat's got some tasty chops!" These lines will not only flatter the jazz artist, but your friends will look at the stage and wonder what's cooking. (Leg of lamb perhaps, or veal cutlet?)

Don't Miss These:

For those readers interested in pursuing the matter further, here is Greg's list of five essential jazz albums:

Bill Evans (piano): *The Village Vanguard Sessions*

Subtle jazz piano stylings. Evans was one cat who had some tasty chops, and was also white, for those of you with racial preferences.

Charlie Parker (alto sax): *The Savoy Sessions*

Exhilarating be-bop by the man who practically single-handedly invented it all. Bird lives!

Wynton Marsalis (trumpet): *Black Codes from the Underground*

Dark-hued jazz by young cats who tend to play really out there with a lot of chops.

Duke Ellington (piano): *Anything you can find*

Jazz's premier composer is always worth a listen.

The Beatles (various)

Not really jazz but about as good as it gets for non-jazz, non-classical music.

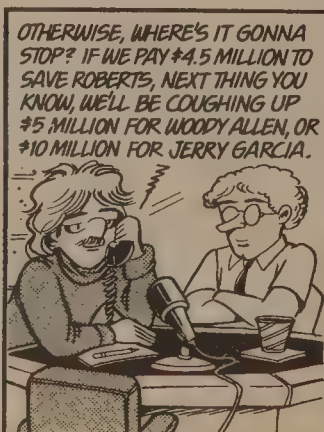
My personal recommendation:

Blue Note 86: *A New Generation of Jazz*

This jazz anthology will let you in on some of the latest cats to make waves in the jazz world.

This is Robert's first submission to the Review. He's ethnic.

Doonesbury



Dance Treks: Heartache

by Chris Cobb

Consisting of five to ten minutes of non-stop dancebeat, the 12-inch single is in a class of its own, and here in DANCE TREKS we'd like to pay it due respect. What exactly is a 12-inch single? In laymen's terms, it's an extended version of a song that was previously recorded onto a full-length album (of course there are exceptions). The 12-inch usually has a reinforced rhythm section (ie. drums and bass) for club play, and is often completely rearranged with new instrumental parts woven around the melody. In dancaholic terms, the 12-inch single is the only version worth listening to.

GENE LOVES JEZEBEL - "Heartache"

From Gene Loves Jezebel's latest album, "Heartache" is a dark and angry look at (What else?) heartache. Warning: this is dance music with an edge. Not since U2's debut has anyone so ably combined direction and restlessness. The comparison stops there; U2 embodies an ideology, whereas Gene Loves Jezebel only rehashes the same old love and lust themes. Fortunately they rehash with a twist, combining relentless drums and screaming guitars with Michael Ashton's slithering vocals to produce a sound refreshingly unique in the current glut of Bon Jovi sound-alikes. No politics here, so don't expect your vision to expand as with, say U2. But for dancing away the angst of lost love, "Heartache" is one of the best unknown singles in the record store.

Chris, who usually reviews plays and films, is an all round arts fan.



Doonesbury



THE FAR SIDE

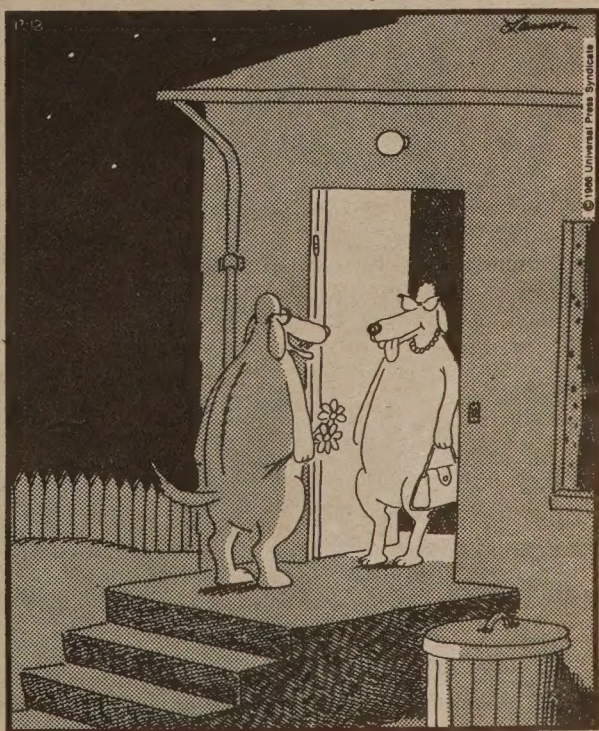
By GARY LARSON



Suddenly, everyone turned and looked — there, standing in the doorway, was one wretched, mean-looking ingrown.



"Just think ... Here we are, the afternoon sun beating down on us, a dead, bloated rhino underfoot, and good friends flying in from all over. ... I tell you, Frank, this is the best of times."



"Oh, Ginger — you look absolutely stunning ... and whatever you rolled in sure does stink."

This calendar is presented as a public service, and is subject to change. Please call each establishment beforehand to verify time and date. Asterisk (*) indicates a free event.

We would like your feedback on the calendar! Tell us about any errors or needed additions -- I'm not perfect yet! Call 377-2980.

Wednesday, February 11, 1987

Black Awareness Week

Mary Sturlaugson Eyer, LDS author -JSB Auditorium 7:00 p.m.

Lecture

International Executive Lecture - "Working Overseas: Pros and Cons" Donald M. Wood, President Dynatec International, Inc. 710 TNRB 2:00 & 4:00 p.m.
Honors Module- Thomas J. Mathiesen on Ancient and Medieval Music and music Theory: Who Needs It?- 211 MRSB 6:00-7:30 p.m.

Film

Out of Africa -Varsity I 4:30, 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.
Les Visiteurs du Soir (French)-International Cinema, 250 Kimball Tower 3:00 & 9:00 p.m.
Sanjuro (Japanese)-International Cinema, 250 Kimball Tower 5:15 p.m.
Pedro Paramo (Español w/o Subtitles) -International Cinema, 250 Kimball Tower 7:00 p.m.
Animation Celebration -Blue Mouse 260E. 100S. 364-3471. 5:15, 7:00 & 8:30 p.m.

Performance

Ballet West, "Les Patineurs" "Pineapple Poll" and "The Rake's Progress." -Capitol Theatre 364-4343 8:00 p.m.
Chamber Soloists -Madsen Recital Hall 7:30 p.m.

Theater

Could You Leave the Door Open, an original play Jeff Hardy, Reed McColm and David Morgan -Margetts Arena Theatre, HFAC 378-3875 7:30 p.m.
Arms and the Man -Pioneer Memorial Theatre 581-6961 300 S. University, 8:00 p.m.
The Foreigner -Salt Lake Acting Company 363-0525 8:00 p.m.

Sports

Hockey Golden Eagles vs Indianapolis -Salt Palace 7:30

Exhibits-Provo

BYU Studio Faculty -B. F. Larsen Gallery HFAC 378-2881.
"Americans at Work" -Gallery 303 HFAC 378-2881.
Tell Qarqur, Archaeological Investigations in Syria-Museum of Peoples and Cultures 378-6112 through February.
Al Gaudio's Scouting Museum, extensive display of scouting patches and uniforms from around the world -inside Al's Boot and Shoe Repair 131 North University Ave. 375-7236

Thursday, February 12, 1987

Black Awareness Week

Rev. Dr. Ralph Abernathy "The Fight Continues" -de Jong Concert Hall 6:00 p.m.

Lecture

Executive Lecture- Robert Gay, Executive V.P., General Electric Credit Corp., 151 TNRB 4:00 p.m.
Family Living Lecture- "Creating Change in Families" Dr. William G. Dyer -ELWC Ballroom 7:30 p.m.
Honors Module- John F. Hall on Aeschylus, The Oresteia. -241 MRSB 6:00-7:30 p.m.

Film

Out of Africa -Varsity I 4:30, 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.
Les Visiteurs du Soir (French)-International Cinema, 250 Kimball Tower 7:00p.m.
Sanjuro (Japanese)-International Cinema, 250 Kimball Tower 3:00 p.m. --Lecture on Sanjuro at 4:40 p.m.
Pedro Paramo (Español w/o subtitles) -International Cinema, 250 Kimball Tower 5:00 & 9:10 p.m.
Animation Celebration -Blue Mouse 364-3471. 5:15, 7:00 & 8:30 p.m.
*Ski movies -Snowbird Center 8:00 p.m.

Performance

Dancers Company Plus -Dance Production Studio, 185 RB 7:30 p.m.
Jeff Kirschen (horn) -Madsen Recital Hall 7:30 p.m.
Ballet West, "Les Patineurs" "Pineapple Poll" and "The Rake's Progress." -Capitol Theatre 364-4343 8:00 p.m.
Inter-Collegiate Choral Festival -St. Joseph Church, 24th & Adams Ave. 626-6935 7:00 p.m.

Theater

Could You Leave the Door Open, an original play Jeff Hardy, Reed McColm and David Morgan -Margetts Arena Theatre, HFAC 378-3875 7:30 p.m.
The Wild Duck -Pardoe Drama Theatre, HFAC 7:30
Love is for the Byrds -Hale Center Theater, SLC 484-9257 8:00 p.m.
Arms and the Man -Pioneer Memorial Theatre 581-6961 300 S. University, 8:00 p.m.
The Foreigner -Salt Lake Acting Company 363-0525 8:00 p.m.

Sports

BYU Women's Basketball vs Colorado State -Marriott Center 7:30 p.m.

Friday, February 13, 1987

Film

The Boy Who Could Fly -Varsity I 4:30, 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.
The Great Mouse Detective -Varsity II JSB Auditorium 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.
Holiday--1938 -Film Society, 214 Crabtree Building 7:00 & 9:30 p.m. \$1 w/ ID, \$1.50 w/o ID.
Les Visiteurs du Soir (French)-International Cinema, 250 Kimball Tower 5:00p.m.
Sanjuro (Japanese) -International Cinema, 250 Kimball Tower 7:15 p.m.
Pedro Paramo (Español w/o subtitles) -International Cinema, 250 Kimball Tower 3:00 & 9:00 p.m.
Animation Celebration -Blue Mouse 364-3471. 5:15, 7:00 & 8:30 p.m.

Performance

*Student Recital- Philip J. Bonney, horn -Madsen Recital Hall, 7:30 p.m.
*Faculty Recital- Dan Bacheler, trombone -Madsen Recital Hall, 7:30 p.m.
Dancers Company Plus -Dance Production Studio, 185 RB 7:30 p.m.
Ballet West, "Les Patineurs" "Pineapple Poll" and "The Rake's Progress." -Capitol Theatre 364-4343 8:00 p.m.
Toots and Maytals (Raegae concert) State Fairgrounds 8:00 p.m.

Theater

Could You Leave the Door Open, an original play Jeff Hardy, Reed McColm and David Morgan -Margetts Arena Theatre, HFAC 378-3875 7:30 p.m.
The Wild Duck -Pardoe Drama Theatre, HFAC 7:30 p.m.
Matters of the Heart -Theater in the Square, Provo 375-8020 7:30 p.m.
Love is for the Byrds -Hale Center Theater, SLC 484-9257 8:00 p.m.
The Glass Menagerie -Brickyard Plaza, SLC 485-2135 8:00 p.m.
Children of a Lesser God -Brickyard Plaza SLC 485-2135 8:00 p.m.
This is the Place: Book III -Egyptian Theatre, Park City 649-9371 8:00 p.m.
Arms and the Man -Pioneer Memorial Theatre 581-6961 300 S. University, 8:00 p.m.
The Foreigner -Salt Lake Acting Company 363-0525 8:00 p.m.

Sports

Hockey Golden Eagles vs Indianapolis -Salt Palace 7:30

Exhibits-Salt Lake

Asian Art from the collection -Gallery 3, Utah Museum of Fine Arts, U of U. 581-7332 through June 13.
Personal Visions: Contemporary art from the collections -The Thomas Gallery, Utah Museum of Fine Arts, U of U. 581-7332 through February 15.
Three Utah Photographers: Susan Makow, Craig Law & John Telford -Gallery I, Utah Museum of Fine Arts, U of U. 581-7332 through February 15.
Charles Darwin: A Portrait Biography -Utah Museum of Natural History, University of Utah daily, February 12 through 28.
Jan Williams, paintings and photography -Blue Mouse Art Gallery month of February.
Avar T. Fairbanks, "Seven Decades" -Salt Lake Art Center Main Gallery, 20 South West Temple 328-4201 donation admission through March 6.
Jim Jacobs, painted construction wall -Alliance Gallery, Salt Lake Art Center 20 South West Temple 328-4201 Daily. February 6 through March 11.
Will South, recent oil paintings -Triangle Gallery, Salt Lake Art Center 20 South West Temple 328-4201. February 6 through March 11.
Maureen O'Hara Ure & Tom Judd -Gayle Weyher Gallery 167 South Main 534-1630 Monday-Saturday through February 13.
Abstract Dimensions, Utah Sculpture -Salt Lake Public Library (main branch) 209 East 500 South 363-5733 Monday-Saturday February 6 through 28.
Recent Works of Trevor Southey -Phillips Gallery Tuesday -Saturday February 6 through 28.

Saturday, February 14, 1987

Special Event

Student Review/ Provo Town Square Valentine's Party -Backstage Cafe & Plastique \$5 8:00 till ?

Film

The Boy Who Could Fly -Varsity I 4:30, 7:00 & 9:30
The Great Mouse Detective -Varsity II JSB Auditorium 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.
Holiday--1938 -Film Society, 214 Crabtree Building 7:00 & 9:30 p.m. \$1 w/ ID, \$1.50 w/o ID.
Les Visiteurs du Soir (French)-International Cinema, 250 Kimball Tower 3:00 & 7:00 p.m.
Sanjuro (Japanese)-International Cinema, 250 Kimball Tower 9:30 p.m.
Pedro Paramo (Español w/o subtitles) -International Cinema, 250 Kimball Tower 5:15 p.m.
*Amadeus (the movie) -Madsen Recital Hall, 7:00 & 9:15 p.m.
Animation Celebration -Blue Mouse 364-3471. 5:15, 7:00 & 8:30 p.m.

Performance

Dancers Company Plus -Dance Production Studio, 185 RB 7:30 p.m.
*Concerts Impromptu -Memorial Lounge, ELWC 7:00 p.m.
Ballet West, "Les Patineurs" "Pineapple Poll" and "The Rake's Progress." -Capitol Theatre 364-4343 8:00 p.m.
Utah Symphony Chamber Orchestra -Symphony Hall 8:00 p.m.

Theater

Could You Leave the Door Open, an original play Jeff Hardy, Reed McColm and David Morgan -Margetts Arena Theatre, HFAC 378-3875 7:30 p.m.
The Wild Duck -Pardoe Drama Theatre, HFAC 7:30
Matters of the Heart -Theater in the Square, Provo 375-8020 7:30 p.m.
Love is for the Byrds -Hale Center Theater, SLC 484-9257 8:00 p.m.
The Glass Menagerie -Brickyard Plaza, SLC 485-2135 8:00 p.m.
Children of a Lesser God -Brickyard Plaza SLC 485-2135 8:00 p.m.
This is the Place: Book III -Egyptian Theatre, Park City 649-9371 8:00 p.m.
Arms and the Man -Pioneer Memorial Theatre 581-6961 300 S. University, 8:00 p.m.
The Foreigner -Salt Lake Acting Company 363-0525 8:00 p.m.

Sports

BYU Basketball vs Utah -Marriott Center 3:00 p.m.
Hockey Golden Eagles vs Indianapolis -Salt Palace 12:00
NBA Basketball Utah Jazz vs San Antonio -Salt Palace 521-6060 7:30 p.m.
U.S. Ski Association Race for 12-15 year-olds. 272-2311.

Sunday, February 15, 1987

Film

Animation Celebration -Blue Mouse 364-3471. 5:00, 7:15 & 8:30.

Performance

Ballet West, "Les Patineurs" "Pineapple Poll" and "The Rake's Progress." -Capitol Theatre 364-4343 8:00 p.m.

Theater

Are the Meadowlarks Still Singing? -Hale Center Theater, SLC 484-9257 7:30 p.m.

Miscellaneous

Vegetarian Sunday Feast & Philosophical Discussion. 5:00 p.m.

Film

Film Society -214 & 250 Crabtree Bldg.
Holiday--1938 -February 13 & 14
The Maltese Falcon -February 20 & 21

International Cinema -250 Kimball Tower
Les Visiteurs du Soir (French!) -February 11, 12, 13 & 14.
Sanjuro (Japanese) -February 11, 12, 13 & 14.
Pedro Paramo (Spanish) -February 11, 12, 13 & 14.
Growing Up (Norwegian) -February 18, 20 & 21.
The Dollmaker (Mandarin) -February 18, 19, 20 & 21.
The Magic Flute (Swedish) -February 18, 19, 20, & 21.

Varsity I & II

Out of Africa -Varsity I February 6-12.
The Boy Who Could Fly -Varsity I February 13-19.
The Great Mouse Detective -Varsity II February 13, 14 & 16.
Ferris Bueller's Day Off -Varsity I February 20-26.
Young Sherlock Holmes -Varsity II February 20, 21 & 23.

Blue Mouse -260 East 100 South SLC 364-3471
Animation Celebration -February 11-15.
My Beautiful Launderette -February 18-22

Scera -745 South State Orem 225-2560
Othello by Franco Zeffirelli with Placido Domingo. (discount tickets through KBYU-TV) -February 6-21.

Monday, February 16, 1987

Film

The Boy Who Could Fly -Varsity I 4:30, 7:00 & 9:30
The Great Mouse Detective -Varsity II JSB Auditorium 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.
Jackass City- Penguins -Bean Museum 6:00, 7:00, & 8:00 p.m.

Performance

Ballet West, "Les Patineurs" "Pineapple Poll" and "The Rake's Progress." -Capitol Theatre 364-4343 8:00 p.m.
Maynard Ferguson (jazz) -Kingsbury Hall, U of U 581-8171 8:00 p.m.

Theater

Matters of the Heart -Theater in the Square, Provo 375-8020 7:30 p.m.
Arms and the Man -Pioneer Memorial Theatre 581-6961 300 S. University, 8:00 p.m.
Love is for the Byrds -Hale Center Theater, SLC 484-9257 8:00 p.m.
The Foreigner -Salt Lake Acting Company 363-0525 8:00 p.m.

Sports

NBA Basketball Utah Jazz vs. Boston -Salt Palace 521-6060 7:30 p.m.

Tuesday, February 17, 1987

Lecture

Honors Module- Noel B. Reynolds on J. S. Mill On Liberty. -241 MRSB 6:00-7:30 p.m.

Film

The Boy Who Could Fly -Varsity I 4:30, 7:00 & 9:30

Performance

*Penelope Mathiesen & Brett Zumsteg, 18th Cent. flute & Harpsichord -Madsen Recital Hall 7:30 p.m.

Theater

The Wild Duck -Pardoe Drama Theatre, HFAC 7:30
Arms and the Man -Pioneer Memorial Theatre 581-6961 300 S. University, 8:00 p.m.
The Foreigner -Salt Lake Acting Company 363-0525 8:00 p.m.

Wednesday, February 18, 1987

Lecture

Honors Module- Thomas J. Mathiesen on Ancient and Medieval Music and music Theory: Who Needs It?- 211 MRSB 6:00-7:30 p.m.

Film

The Boy Who Could Fly -Varsity I 4:30, 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.
Growing Up (Norwegian) -International Cinema, 250 Kimball Tower 3:00 p.m.
Doll Maker (Mandarin) -International Cinema, 250 Kimball Tower 4:35 p.m.
The Magic Flute (Swedish) -International Cinema, 250 Kimball Tower 6:35 p.m.

Performance

*Student Recital- Curtis Davis, cello. -Madsen Recital Hall 6:00 p.m.
*Student Recital- Mark Watkins, saxophone. -Madsen Recital Hall 7:30 p.m.
*Student Recital- Elaine Huff, flute. -Madsen Recital Hall 9:00 p.m.

Dancers Company Plus -Dance Production Studio, 185 RB 7:30 p.m.

Theater

The Wild Duck -Pardoe Drama Theatre, HFAC 7:30
Arms and the Man -Pioneer Memorial Theatre 581-6961 300 S. University, 8:00 p.m.
The Foreigner -Salt Lake Acting Company 363-0525 8:00 p.m.

Sports

NBA Basketball Utah Jazz vs. Milwaukee -Salt Palace 521-6060 7:30 p.m.

Theatre

Arms and the Man -Pioneer Memorial Theatre 300 S. University 581-6961 daily except Sundays February 11-28
Are the Meadowlarks Still Singing? -Hale Center Theater 2801 South Main, SLC 484-9257 Sundays, through Eternity.
Children of a Lesser God -Brickyard Plaza 13th East 3200 South, SLC 485-2135 Friday & Saturday February 6-21.
Could You Leave the Door Open, an original play Jeff Hardy, Reed McColm and David Morgan - Margetts Arena Theatre, HFAC 378-3875 Tuesday-Saturday, January 29-February 14.
The Foreigner -Salt Lake Acting Company 168 West 500 North, SLC 363-0525 Daily January 29-February 22
The Glass Menagerie -Brickyard Plaza, 13th East 3200 South SLC 485-2135 Friday & Saturday January 9-February 27.
Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dream Coat -Salt Lake Repertory Theater, ZCMI Center SLC 532-6000, through March 14.
Love is for the Byrds -Hale Center Theater 2801 South Main, SLC 484-9257 Monday, Thursday, Friday & Saturday through February 21.
Mary Poppins -Symphony Hall by Salt Lake Repertory Theatre 532-6000 February 4,5,19, & 20
Matters of the Heart -Theater in the Square 35 N. University (Provo Towne Square) 375-8020 Friday, Saturday, & Monday.
This is the Place: Book III -Egyptian Theatre, Park City 649-9371 Friday & Saturday February 6-March 21
The Wild Duck, by Henrik Ibsen -Pardoe Drama Theatre, HFAC Tuesday-Saturday February 12-28

Thursday, February 19, 1987

Lecture

Gary L. Browning (Russian Dept.) "Nuclear Arms Race-- Evil Fruit of a Corrupt Tree" sponsored by College Democrats -Kennedy Center Conference Room 4:00p.m.

Honors Module- John F. Hall on Aeschylus, The Oresteia. -241 MRSB 6:00-7:30 p.m.

Film

The Boy Who Could Fly -Varsity I 4:30, 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.
Doll Maker (Mandarin) -International Cinema, 250 Kimball Tower 6:05 p.m.
The Magic Flute (Swedish) -International Cinema, 250 Kimball Tower 3:35 & 8:05 p.m.
(Lecture on The Magic Flute at 3:00 p.m.)
Foreign Film Series "Camila" -SLC Public Library 363-5733 7:00 p.m.
*Ski movies -Snowbird Center 8:00 p.m.

the calendar (cont.)

Performance

*Tunes at Noon -Memorial Lounge, ELWC 12:00 p.m.
*Faculty Recital- Ray Smith, saxophone. -Madsen Recital Hall 7:30 p.m.
La Boheme -de Jong Concert Hall 7:30 p.m.
Dancers Company Plus -Dance Production Studio, 185 RB 7:30 p.m.

Theater

The Wild Duck -Pardoe Drama Theatre, HFAC 7:30 p.m.
Love is for the Byrds -Hale Center Theater, SLC 484-9257 8:00 p.m.
The Foreigner -Salt Lake Acting Company 363-0525 8:00 p.m.
Arms and the Man -Pioneer Memorial Theatre 581-6961 300 S. University, 8:00 p.m.
Mary Poppins -Symphony Hall by Salt Lake Repertory Theatre 532-6000 8:00 p.m.

Sports

BYU Women's Basketball vs New Mexico -Marriott Center 7:30 p.m.
Hockey Golden Eagles vs Fort Wayne -Salt Palace 7:30

Friday, February 20, 1987

Film

Ferris Bueller's Day Off -Varsity I 4:30, 7:00 & 9:30p.m.
Young Sherlock Holmes -Varsity II JSB Auditorium 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.
The Maltese Falcon -Film Society, 214 Crabtree Building 7:00 & 9:30 p.m. \$1 w/ ID, \$1.50 w/o ID.
Growing Up (Norwegian) -International Cinema, 250 Kimball Tower 7:30 p.m.
Doll Maker (Mandarin) -International Cinema, 250 Kimball Tower 3:00 p.m.
The Magic Flute (Swedish) -International Cinema, 250 Kimball Tower 5:00 & 9:50 p.m.

Performance

*Student Recital- David Kern, flute. -Madsen Recital Hall 7:30 p.m.
*Student Recital- Suzanna Graff, piano. -Madsen Recital Hall 9:00 p.m.
Dancers Company Plus -Dance Production Studio, 185 RB 7:30 p.m.
1964...as the Beatles -Marriott Center 378-2981 8:00p.m.

Theater

The Wild Duck -Pardoe Drama Theatre, HFAC 7:30
Matters of the Heart -Theater in the Square, Provo 375-8020 7:30 p.m.
Arms and the Man -Pioneer Memorial Theatre 581-6961 300 S. University, 8:00 p.m.
Love is for the Byrds -Hale Center Theater, SLC 484-9257 8:00 p.m.
The Glass Menagerie -Brickyard Plaza, SLC 485-2135 8:00 p.m.
Children of a Lesser God -Brickyard Plaza SLC 485-2135 8:00 p.m.
This is the Place: Book III -Egyptian Theatre, Park City 649-9371 8:00 p.m.
The Foreigner -Salt Lake Acting Company 363-0525 8:00 p.m.
Mary Poppins -Symphony Hall by Salt Lake Repertory Theatre 532-6000 8:00 p.m.

Sports

NBA Basketball Utah Jazz vs. Washington -Salt Palace 521-6060 7:30 p.m.

Miscellaneous

The Bullwinkle Show -KBYU TV ch11 6:00 p.m.

Saturday, February 21, 1987

Film

Ferris Bueller's Day Off -Varsity I 4:30, 7:00 & 9:30p.m.
Young Sherlock Holmes -Varsity II JSB Auditorium 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.
The Maltese Falcon -Film Society, 214 Crabtree Building 7:00 & 9:30 p.m. \$1 w/ ID, \$1.50 w/o ID.
Growing Up (Norwegian) -International Cinema, 250 Kimball Tower 5:30 p.m.
Doll Maker (Mandarin) -International Cinema, 250 Kimball Tower 9:30 p.m.
The Magic Flute (Swedish) -International Cinema, 250 Kimball Tower 3:00 & 7:05 p.m.

Performance

La Boheme -de Jong Concert Hall 7:30 p.m.
*Student Recital- Calene Cox, piano. -Madsen Recital Hall 4:30 p.m.
*Student Recital- Rinda Clyde, vocal. -Madsen Recital Hall 6:00 p.m.
*Student Recital- Michael Siggard -Madsen Recital Hall 7:30 p.m.
Dancers Company Plus -Dance Production Studio, 185 RB 7:30 p.m.
*Celebrate Gospel Music with the Utah Travelers"-SLC Public Library 363-5733. 2:00 p.m.
Chamber Orchestra, Grant Johannesen, piano. Playing Rachmaninoff -Symphony Hall 8:00 p.m.

Theater

Matters of the Heart -Theater in the Square, Provo 375-8020 7:30 p.m.
Love is for the Byrds -Hale Center Theater, SLC 484-9257 8:00 p.m.
Arms and the Man -Pioneer Memorial Theatre 581-6961 300 S. University, 2:00 p.m. & 8:00 p.m.
The Glass Menagerie -Brickyard Plaza, SLC 485-2135 8:00 p.m.
The Foreigner -Salt Lake Acting Company 363-0525 8:00 p.m.
Children of a Lesser God -Brickyard Plaza SLC 485-2135 8:00 p.m.
This is the Place: Book III -Egyptian Theatre, Park City 649-9371 8:00 p.m.

Sports

BYU Women's Basketball vs New Mexico State- Marriott Center 7:30 p.m.
BYU Basketball at Wyoming
Celebrity Ski Challenge -Snowbird 521-6040
Hockey Golden Eagles vs Fort Wayne -Salt Palace 7:30

Anonymous from page 3

when I married her, and although she was physically and socially mature, she was childish in other ways. I naively and vainly thought that after spending some time under my magnanimous influence, any weaknesses would soon disappear. People can and do change, but significant changes in adults evolve painfully and slowly, if at all.

As I saw my marriage decline, I made repeated efforts to save it. My first suggestion to Julie was that we see a marriage counselor. She refused. I then proposed that we go to our bishop. This idea she also rejected, so I went alone. I received great advice which helped me cope with the problems, but without my wife's cooperation, we made no progress.

I tried virtually everything--patient discussions, taking trips with

her, going out to interesting places, pleading with her to tell me her feelings, using various ways to persuade her into church activity, treating her with patronizing kindness--none of which helped. The will to cooperate and work was not there.

If you are like me, it's sometimes hard to see clearly from inside a relationship. Be patient and humble enough to listen to the opinions of those you respect. If family members and friends whose judgment you trust see all kinds of wrong things in your dating relationships, think twice before tying the knot. Often others can offer valuable insights.

These suggestions are not offered as an argument against marriage. On the contrary, I hope they will contribute to the betterment of marriage. I offer them as one who has felt the pain of divorce.

Editor's Choice

Can't get enough of "Jeopardy"? Come see the intramural College Bowl competition, TWTh evenings in the Maeser Building.

Play of the week: *Matters of the Heart* at Theatre-in-the-Square.

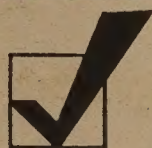
Runner-up: *Hamlet*, the Tom Stoppard version.

Don't miss Britain's National Theatre Company's Shakespeare workshops, Saturday February 21. Call the HFAC Ticket office for information.

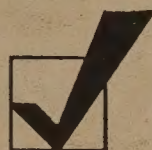
We were all ecstatic to read in an on-campus newspaper Friday that Terry Waite is now an angel. It should be quite easy for the "angelican envoy" to now fly home to that Angelican country, Engeland.

Freshmen are groovy.

Check Out Mondays at Backstage



Live Jazz- Open Jam

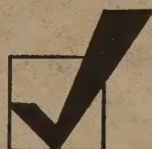


Games:

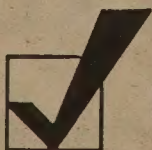
Pictionary
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Out of Context
Pit
Rook
Rumikub

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Yahtzee
Cribbage
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Monopoly
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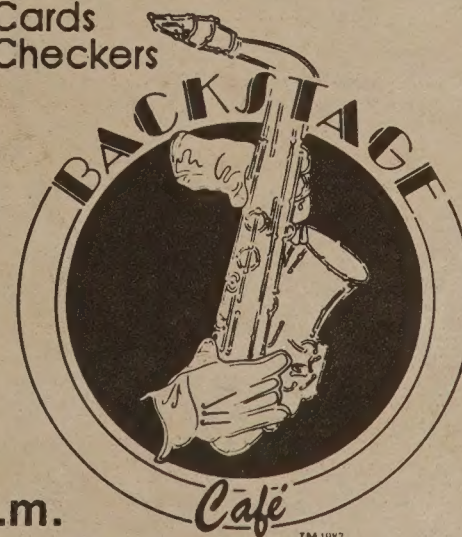


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Pathway from front page

Having R.A.'s in off campus housing presents an even greater potential for disaster. The *Universe* article last week tried to use the example of Crestwood Apartments to justify the requirement. I lived at Crestwood. As far as I could tell, the R.A.'s were hired by the management to assist in the maintenance and cleaning of the huge complex. I never heard of the Crestwood R.A.'s "helping students to better understand the Code of Honor and standards of the University."

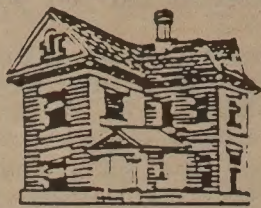
As I try to understand the administration's motives, my imagination simply does not stretch so far that I can see John Stohlton and Maren Mouritsen agonizing about over-worked apartment managers. Implementing R.A.'s in off campus housing appears instead to be the deployment of a standards police force with jurisdiction over a majority of students. Will mandatory, nightly apartment checks follow?

There are several reasons to oppose the administration's attitude. Philosophically, the we-will-make-you-follow-the-standards attitude sets the university back 20 years. If we are interested in creating a respectable university setting, this will not do it. The administration will drive away students with the choice between Harvard (or any equivalent) and BYU. A lot of students will simply not accept being treated like irresponsible children. At the same time, forcing apartment complexes to hire R.A.'s will needlessly raise rent for the rest of us. We will also be teaching our church members to keep the commandments merely because they might get caught, and then leave them with no one to catch them later in life.

To the administration (for all it's worth): If parents are worried about insuring that their children live right, let them live in the dorms. Don't treat the rest of us like mindless children. You'll be doing us, and the university a great disservice.

Bill is the publisher of Student Review. He's engaged to the Arts editor.

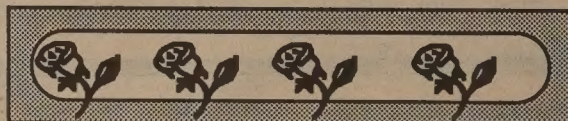
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